

A
T R I P
TO
JAMAICA:
With a True
CHARACTER
OF THE
People and Island.

By the Author of Sot's Paradise.

The Third Edition.



LONDON, Printed in the Year, 1698.

A
P I T
O
: A M A I O :
With a Title
CHARACTER
OF THE
People and Manners

By the Author of *Costume*

At the City-Garden



Phase A sat 67

TO THE READER.

THE Condition of an Author is much like that of a Strumpet, both exposing our Reputations to supply our Necessities, till at last we contract such an ill habit, thro' our Practices, that we are equally troubl'd with an Itch to be alwas Doing; and if the reason be requir'd, Why we betake our selves to so Scandalous a Profession as Whoring or Pamphleteering, the same excusive Answer will serve us both, viz. That the unhappy circumstances of a Narrow Fortune, hath forc'd us to do that for our Subsistence, which we are much ashame of.

The chiefest and most commendable Tallent, admir'd in either, is the knack of Pleasing; and He or She amongst us that happily arrives to a Perfection in that sort of Witchcraft, may in a little time (to their great Honour) enjoy the Pleasure of being Celebrated by all the Coxcombs in the Nation.

The only difference between us is, in this particular, where in the Jilt has the Advantage, we do our Business First, and stand to the Courtesie of our Benefactors to Reward us after; whilst the other, for her Security, makes her Rider pay for his Journey, before he mounts the Saddle.

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To the Reader.

It is necessary I should say something in relation to the following Matter: I do not therein present you with a formal Journal of my Voyage, or Geographical Description of the Island of Jamaica, for that has been already done by Persons better Qualifi'd for such a Task. I only Entertain you with what I intend for your Diversion, not Instruction; Digest-ed into such a Stile as might move your Laugher, not merit your Esteem. I question not but the Jamaica Coffee House will be much affronted at my Character of their Sweeting Chaos, and if I was but as well assur'd of Pleasing every body else, as I am of Displeasing those who have an Interest in that Country, I should not question but the Printer would gain his End, which are the wishes of the Author.

Robinia

Etiam quodcumque videt utrumque ex parte inveniatur (Ibidem)

A

TRIP TO JAMAICA



When Pens were valu'd less than Swords.

And Blows got Money more than Words.

When Am'roue Beaux, and Campaign Bully.

Thriv'd by their Fighting and their Folly:

Whist Men of Parts, as Poor as Rats,

With Mourning Swords and Flapping Hats

Answer to Nicks, Wet Cowlies and Bars.

CONFIDENTIAL
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Wish Hungry, best profiting may, this season to be well and happy.

To Sir John Lend, or Squire Fay,

Till Wit in Rags, and Fool in Feather,

Were join'd, by Providence, together,

R *Th*

B

The

The one o'er Bottle breaks his Jeſt,
 Like Country Parſon at a Feaſt ;
 For which he's Treated and Exalted,
 By his dear Friend, Sir Looby Dolthead.
 Unhappy Age, which ſo in Vice ſurpasses,
 That Men of Worth muſt Worſhip Golden Aſſes.

I being influenc'd by my Stars, with an unhappy propensity to the Conversation of those unlucky kind of *Fortune-Hunters*, till at laſt, tho' I had no more Wit to boast of than another Man, yet I had the Fate of those that had, and to bear them Company, dragg'd ſo far from the Paths of *Profit* and *Preſeruent*, into a Wilderness of *Pleasure* and *Enjoyment*, that I had like to have been ſtuck fast in a Thicket of Brambles, before I knew were abouts I was; to clear my ſelf of which, I had a Fox in a *Gin*, or a *Hare* in a *Paridge-Net*. But before I could ſee my ſelf from this Entanglement, I had ſo wounded my Heels, and ſtuck ſo many Thorns in my Side, that I halteſt homewards like a *Gony Prisoner* to an *Election*, or a *Lame Begger* to a *Miser's Funeral*.

These little Afflictions moy'd me to ſearch upon my Mis-pent Time, and like a *Theif* in a *God*, or a *Whore* in a *Faw*, I Refolv'd for the future to Reform my Life, change my Meaſures, and push my ſelf upon ſomething that might recover thoſe loſt Moments, I had hitherto converted to the uſe of others, and not my ſelf. I now began to peep into the *Business* of the World, and chang'd the Company of thoſe who had nothing to do but Spend Money, for the Conversation of ſuch whose practice was to Get it.

But I, thro' Inadvertency, neglecting to consult Doctor Trotter, or ſome other Infallible Predicting Wiſaker, began my Reformation in an unfortunate Minute, when *Usevers* were unbinding their *Fetter'd Trunks*, and breaking up their *Deſied Bags* and *Conſecrated Sums*, for the ſecurity of *Religion*, and the further eſtablishment of *Liberty of Conſcience*, without which [*Liberty*] join'd, Conſcience to them would be of no uſe. *Tradesmen* grumblng at the *Taxes*, *Merchants* at their *Losses*, moft Men complaining for want of *Business*, and all Men in *Business*, for want of *Money*. Every Man upon *Change* looking with as peevish a Countenance, as if he had unluckily ſtumbled upon his *Wife's Failings*, and unhappy become a witneſs to his own *Cuckoldome*. These I thought but ſlender Encouragments to a *New Reformer*, who had forsaken *Liberty* for *Reſtraint*, *Eafe* for *Trouble*, *Laziness* for *Industry*, *Wine* for *Coffee*, and the *Pleasures* of *Witty Converſation*, for the *Plagues* of a *Muddy-Brain'd Society*, who could talk of nothing

nothing but *Prime Cost and Profit*, the *Good Humour* of their *Wives*, the *Wittiness* of their *Children*, and the *Unlukiness* of their *Prentices*; and knew no more how *Handsomely* to Spend their Money, than *Honestely* to Get *ving* *which* *admit* *to* *me* *I* *don't* *know* *you* *can* *or* *can't* *know* *you* *are* *or* *aren't* *honest*.

The *Complaints* of these *Philodenarians*, the *Declination of Trade*, and the *Scarcity of Money*, gave me no more hopes of mending my Condition, by pursuing my intended measures, than a *Good Husband* has of mending a *Bad Wife* by winking at her *Vices*. I now found my self in great danger of a *Relaps*, to prevent which, after two or three Gallons of *Derby-Ale* had one day sent my *Wits* a *Woollgathering*, and generated as many *Maggots* in my *Brains*, as there are *Crochets* in the *Head* of a *Muscatin*, or *Fools* in the *Million Lottery*, I e'en took up a *Resolution* to *Travel*, and *Court* the *Blinking Gipsy Fortune* in another *Country*. I then began to Consider what *Climate* might best suit with my *Constitution*, and what Part of the *World* with my *Circumstances*; and upon mature Deliberation, found a *Warm Latitude* would best agree with *Thin Apparel*, and a *Money'd Country* with a *Narrow Fortune*; and having often heard such extravagant *Encomiums* of that *Blessed Paradise* *Jamaica*, where *Gold* is more plentiful than *Ice*, *Silver* than *Snow*, *Pearl* than *Hailstones*, I at last determin'd to make a trial of my Stars in that *Island*, and see whether they had the same *Unlucky Influence* upon me there, as they had, hitherto, in the *Land* of my *Nativity*.

In order to proceed my *Voyage*, I took a *Passage* in the good *Ship* the *Andalucia*; and about the latterend of *January*, 1697, upon the dissolution of the hard *Frost*, I passed, with many others, by the *Night Tide*, in a *Wherry*, to *Gravesend*, where our *Floating Receptacle* lay ready to take in *Goods* and *Passengers*; but our *Lady Thames* being put into a *Passion*, by the rude *Kilts* of an *Easterly Wind*, drew her *Smooth Face* into so many *Wrinkles*, that her ill-favour'd *Aspect* and *Murmurings*, were to me as *Terrible* as the *Noise* of *Thieves* to a *Miser*, or *Bailiffs* to a *Bankrupt*; and being pent up with my *Limbs*, in an *awkward Posture*, lying *Heads* and *Tails*, like *Essex Calves* in a *Ramford Waggon*, I was forc'd to endure the *Insolence* of every *Wave*, till I was become as *Wet* as a *New Pump'd Kidnapper*.

In this Condition I Embark'd about *Two a Clock* in the *Morning*, where the *Chief Mair*, as *Master of the Ceremonies*, conducted me to a *wellcome Collation* of *Cheese* and *Bisket*, and presented me with a *Magnificent Cup* of *Sovereign Flip*, prepar'd with as much *Art* as an *Apothecary* can well shew in the *mixing* of a *Cordial*. After this Refreshment, I betook my self to a *Cabin*, which fitted me so well, it sat as tite as a *Jacket* to a *Dutchman*, where I Slep till *Morning*, as close as a *Snail* in a *Shell*, or a *Maggot* in an *Apple*.

Appel-Kennel. Then Rising, and after I had survey'd our Wooden Territories, I began to Contemplate upon things worthy of a serious Consideration, which stir'd up in me that Malignant Spirit of Poetry, with which I am oft times unhappily possest: And what my Muse dictated to me, her *Emanuensis*, I liere present unto the Reader.

A Farewell to ENGLAND.

Farewell my Country, and my Friends,
My Masters, and my Mise, to whom I leave
In distant Regions, different Ends
My Genius now purfues.
Those Blessings which I held most dear,
Are, by my stubborn Destiny,
Abandon'd, Ne'er to return,
Abandon'd from me, and no more appear.

Despair of Fortune makes me bold,
I can in Tempests Sleep, and make no noise,
And fearless of my Fate, I hold
The Dangers of the Deep,
No Covetous desire of Life, nor shall a coin be gained
Can now my Careless Thoughts employ,
Banish'd from Friendship, Love, and Joy, I long
To view the Waves and Winds, as equal Strife,
O'er threatening Billows can I fly;

And, unconcern'd, conceive,
Tis here less difficult to Die,
Than twas on Land to Live,
To me 'tis equal, Smile or Sigh,
As to gain smiling to my Ease can bring,
Benefit of Joy, I think is now
No more to Draw than 'twas before to Drink,

which none had ever, since Long I. V. Q. A. to noisome Health, but
 but trust had left me. (which I did to Dennis) and now I have
 had 5. years
Dear Friends with Patience bear the Load.
Of Troubles, still to come,
You pity us who range abroad,
We pity you at Home.
Let no Oppression, Envy, or Care, to give old friends
 and him
Make us our Loyalty Disband,
Which, like a well built Arch, should stand
The more secure, the greater Weight it bears.

V
Farewell Applause, that vain Delight
The Witty fondly seek;
He's Blest who like a Dunce may Write;
Or like a Fool may Speak;
What ever Praise we gain to day,
Whether deservedly or no,
We to the Worlds Opinion are,

Who does as oft Mis-take the same away.

VI
Something short it, which reaches me, do I quill it, in a few
Scars are bid adieu;
Tis all my Hope, my Care, my Pain,
And all that I pursue,
Tis what I Love, yet what I Fly,
But what I have not, must not Name,
Angels protect the Sacred Frame,
Till I to England shall Return, or Die.

Towards the Evening the Captain came on Board, with the
 rest of our Fellow-Travellers, who, when we were altogether
 batch'd up as pretty a Society, as a Man under my Circumstances
 would desire to tumble into. There was Three of the Troublesome
 sea, as some call them, (tho' I never thought 'em so) whose Cur-
 seous, Malibill, and Complaisancy of Temper, admitted of no
 other Epitaph, but to strive who (within the boords of Mod-
 esty) should be most obliging. One Unfortunate Lady was, in pur-
 suit of a Sir, a Husband, who, in Sometime, had feloniously taken
 to wife (for the like of a Plantation) a Lesser-Fusee Creame, to
 the

the great dissatisfaction of his Original Spouse, who had often declar'd (tho' the sweetness of her Disposition) That if he had Marri'd another Handsomer ~~than her self~~, ~~she would never have left her~~ he had her; but to be Rival'd by a *Gipsy*, a *Tawny Face*, a *Moletta*, a *Scum-pet*, a *Pumpkin colour'd Whore*, no, her Honour would not suffer her to bear with patience so coroding an Indignity. The other Two were a pritty *Maid*, and a comly *Widow*; so that in these three, we had every Honourable State of the whole Sex: One in the State of *Innocency*, another of *Fruition*, the third of *Decay and Corruption*; and if we had but one in the State of *Corruption*, a Man might have pleas'd himself as well in our *Little World*, as you *Libertines* can do in the *Great One*.

I shall be too tedious if I at large Particularize the whole Company, I shall therefore *Hustle* them together, as a *Morefields Sweetener* does *Luck in a Bag*, and then you may Wink and Choose for the Devil a Barrel the better *Herring* amongst us. We had one (as I told you before) *Cherubimical Lass*; who, I fear, had *Lost her Self*, two more, of the ~~same~~ *Gender*, ~~who had lost their Husbands~~; two *Parsons* who had lost their *Living* ~~and~~ *Brooks* *Brisk Trimmers*, who had lost their *Credit*; and several like me, that had lost their *Wits*; a *Creolean Captain*, a *Superannuated Mariner*, an *Independent Merchant*, an *Irish Kidnapper*, and a *Monimorean Scroos-Man*, all going with one Design, to patch up their *Decay'd Fortunes*.

Every thing being in Order for *Sailing*, the *Pilot* came on *Board*, who put on such a Commanding *Complaisance*, that he look'd as Stern as a *Sarazins Head*; and the *Sins* of his *Youth* having crept into his *Pedestals*, he Limp'd about the ~~Quarter~~ *Deck*, like a *gibbet* in *Forms Pauperis* upon a *Mountebanks Stage*, making as great a *Noise* in his *Tarpaulin Cant*, as a *Young Counsel* in a *Bad Case*, or a *Butcher* at a *Bear-Garden*. As soon as we had weigh'd *Anchor* under the doleful *Cry* and hard *Service* of *Haut-Che-Haut*, there was nothing heard till we reach'd the *Downs*, but *Abide Ship my Lass*, bring your *Fore Tack on Board*, ~~hark~~ *Fore-Sail* ~~Yards~~, *Brace about your Main-Tard*, and the Devil to do, That I was more *Amarid* than a *Mouse* at a *Throsters Mill*, or the *Russian Embassado* at a *Cle* of *Thunder*.

By the help of *Providence*, the *Pilot*, *Care*, and *Seavers Industry*, we pass'd safe to *Deal*, where we Anchord *Four* or *four Days* for a *fair Wind*, in which interim the *Prince* of the *air* had put'd up an *unwelcome Blaif* in the *Night*, which for'd a *Vellet* upon the *Grognor* *Wolv*. The next Morning the *savages* *Man*, a *Elect* of them *Deal Skimmers*, *old* and *made* *such* *unmerciful* *work* with the poor *distraffed Bark*, that a *Gang* of *Sculls* with an *Entourage* of a *Kennel* of *Hounds* upon a *Dead Horse*, coulde not have appear'd more *fiendish* *From thence*, with a *prosperous* *Gale*. We made the best of our way into the *wide Ocean*, which *Martinet* *put* to *such* *shame* *Prodigity*, that,

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than like a *Misers Conscience*, or a *Womene Conscience*. It never
to be Fathom'd, but as I us'd to say I aske, when I say I fathomed
a man's Conscience, or when I say I fathomed a biscuit, I mean you consider, that
it was in the midst of Winter, and very Cold Weather when we
set out; but in a Fortnight's time we were got into a comfortable
Climate, which yielded us so pleasant a warmth, than a Man might
pluck of his Shirt upon Deck, and commit Murther upon his own
Flesh, and stand till he was weary, without the danger of an Ague.
I made not guess to know this, nor did I then need that
or I happened one Morning to hear two Tar-jackets in a very high
Dispute; I went to them, and ask'd the reason of their Difference.
Why Sir, says one, I'll tell you there was my Master Whistlebooby, an
old Boatswain of one of His Majesties Ships, who was Superhanded, and
kept his Lieutenants and the Ambarakie Divorc'd him from his Ship, and the
King allow'd him his Suspension, and his Lieutenancy. Whelp here says I talk
like a Fools, and sure I have not used that Scold for Thirty Years, but I can
Argue any thing as proper as he can, and to thisw' or this, which two to say
comes down as it is, *What is all this in the world a fiddler, and a
The chief Sports we had on Board, to pass away the tedious Hours,
were Hob, Spain the Market, Shone the Slipper, Dilly Dally and Becty Game
man, the latter of which prov'd as serviceable to me, as a Book of
Heraldry, or a Gentleman's Mumper, or a Pint to a Parson's Kugband; For
like the *Wife* who boasted of her Industry, it used to make my Days
Labour worth but a Shilling, or Half a Crown, at Two Pence or a Great
a Row. The most powerful Adversary I engag'd with, was a Parson,
who, when the Bell Rung to Prayer, would start up in the middle of
a Hymne, and, before my Patience whilst he step'd into the Great Cabin, and he
would wait upon me, probably. But that Relation is which we took
a most peculiar delight, by the Harbour we made, by the assistance
of the two Heaven-drivers, in Lyricking over some Antiqued Sonnets,
and for varieties sake, now and then a *Psalme*, which our Canonical
Hymn-Hippisbury with as Penitential an grace, as a Sorrowful Offen-
der did his Niggle, and as it was, I say, a goodly mod-
est parson, who to yonder set his b'nes b'nesque in his D'sy as good as
any pleasaunce full at a Spare-Hour, I had taken with me a *Fiddle*, and
there being in the Island a Spright Dog, who by *Siemantlik*, had no great
kindness to mankind, for when ever he heard me Tooting, he'd be
Howling which together made a Noise so surprising, that it frightened
away a *Silene* and a *Merger*, director a Young Fellow, who had been three
Weeks in night bands of our Doctor, but is it not also true, that I
say, that when to make Head, to no b'ne, I might be
a good night, and a good Head, well Master'd one Drowdy Carcasses
with a Biddle, at a Date of Right Honourable Parch, there arose a
Storm, for which I had often wish'd, that I might not be a stranger to
any Surprising Accident the Angry Elements, when at Varience,
might afflict me, and the Heaven had round me (in a little time as a
Grimmington upon Malignity) had put me under Malignant Aspects
Decr.*

and every Man directed to his Post, by orders fix'd upon the Alizzen-mast in the Steerage; the Bulkhead and Cabins knock'd down, the Deck clear'd Fore and Aft, for every Man to have free access to his Busines. When all things were in readiness to receive an Enemy, I took a walk on purpose to look about me, and was so animated with the Seamens Activity and Industry, together with the smell of Sweat, Match, and Gun-powder, that like Squire Witherington in *Chivie Chase*, I could have Fought upon my Stamps. By this time our suppos'd Enemy was almost come up with us, under English Colours, but his keeping close upon our Quarter, and not bearing off, gave us still reasons to mistrust him; but seeing him a small Ship, and ours a Vessel of 400 Tuns, 28 Guns, and about 50 Men, we furl'd our Main-Sail with all our Hands at once, as a strategem to seem well Man'd; put our Top-Sails aback, and lay by, to let 'em see we were no more Affraid than Hurt. We had on Board an Irish-man going over a Servant, who I suppose was Kidnap'd; I observ'd this Fellow, being quarter'd at a Gun, look'd as pale as a Pickpocket new taken. I ask'd him why he put on such a Cowardly look; and told him 'twas a shaine for a Man to shew so much Fear in his Countenance. Indeed Sir (said he) I cannot halpe it, I love the bate of a Drum, the Pop of a Pistol, or the Bound of a Musket well enough; but, by my Soul, the Roaring of a Great Gun always makes me faint. I ask'd him whose Servant he was. By my Faith, said he, I cannot tell; I was upon Change looking for a good Master, and a brave Gentleman came to me and ask'd me who I was; and I told him I was myn own self, and he gave me some good Wine and good Ale, and brought me on Board, and I have not seen him sincb. By this time our Adversary was come within hearing, and upon our Hailing of him, prov'd a little Ship bound to *Guinea*, which put an end to our Fears, and made us fly to the *Punch-Bowl* with as much Joy as the Mob to a Bonfire upon a States *Holyday*.

After we had chas'd away the remembrance of our past Dangers, with a reviving draught of our Infallable Elixer, we began to be *Merry* as so many Beggars (and indeed were before as *Poor*) beginning to turn that into Redicule, which so lately had chang'd our Jollity into Fear and Sadness. When we had thus refresh'd our Bodies, and strengthen'd our Spirits, by passing round a Health to our Noble Selves, &c. twas thought high time by our Reverend Pastors, to return Thanks for our great Deliverance from the hands of our Enemies, tho' we had none near us, which was accordingly perform'd with all the Solemnity a parcel of *Merry Juvenal Wags* could compose themselves to observe.

By this time we were got into so warm a Latitude, that (God be thanked) a *Louse* would not live in it. We now began to thin our Dres, and had not Decency forbid it, could have gladly gone *Naked*, as our first Parents. Kissing here grew out of Fashion; there's no joyning of Lips, but your Noses would drop Sweat in your Mouths. The Sea, and other Elements, began now to entertain us with Curiosities in Nature worth observing, as *Crampos*, *Sharks*, *Porpos*, *Flying-Fish*, *Albacores*, *Bonetas*, *Dolphins*, *Bottlenoses*, *Turtle*, *Blubber*, *Stingrays*, *Sea-Adders*; and the Devil and all of *Monsiers* without Names, and some without Shape. As for Birds, *Noddys*, *Boobies*, *Shearwaters*, *Shags*, *Pisterwells*, *Iden of War*, *Tropick Birds*, *Pelicans*, &c. I shall not undertake here to describe these Creatures, because some of them are so Frightfully Ugly, that if any Friends Wife with Child should long for the Reading of my Book, it should chance to make her Miscarry. But that which I thought most worthy of Observation, were the *Clouds*, whose various Forms, and beauteous Colours, were Inimitable by the Pencil of the greatest Artist in the Univers, *Cities*, *Places*, *Groves*, *Fields*, and *Gardens*, *Monuments*, *Campes*, *Armies*, *Bulls*, *Bears*, and *Dragons*, &c. as if the Air above us had been Frozen into a *Looking-Glass*, and shew'd us by Reflection, all the Rarities in Nature.

By this time we had gain'd the *Tropick*, and come into a Trade-Wind; the greatest of our fears being now a *Calm*, which is fine weather to please fearful Tempers; but it brings us more in danger of being *Starv'd*, than a *Storm* does of being *Drown'd*: Tho' it was our Fortune in a few Days after, to make the *Leward-Islands*, and put us past

past the dread of so terrible a Catastrophe, those we pas'd in sight of were, *Desedo*, a rare place for a Bird-catcher to be Gouverneur of Birds being the only Creatures by which it is inhabited; *Mountebat, Antego, Mayis*, possest by the English; St. Christopher, by half English half French; *Roduado*, an uninhabitable high Rock. From amongst these Caribbe Islands, in a few days, we got to *Hispaniola*, without any thing remarkable; and from thence, in 24 Hours, with a fresh Gail, within sight of *Jamaica*, which (without Malice or Partiality) I shall proceed to give you some Account of.

A Character of JAMAICA.

THE Dunghill of the Universe, the Refuse of the whole Creation, the Clippings of the Elements, a shapeless pile of Rubbish confusly jumbl'd into an Emblem of the Chaos, neglected by Omnipotence when he form'd the World into its admirable Order. The Nursery of Heavens Judgments, whence the Malignant Seeds of all Pestilence were first gather'd and scatter'd thro' the Regions of the Earth, to Punnish Mankind for their Offences. The Place where *Randora* kill'd her Son, where *Vulcan* Forg'd *Forges*, Thunder-bolts, and that *Pheton*, by his rash unquittance of the Sun, scorch'd into a Cinder. The Receptacle of Vagabonds, the Sanctuary of Bankrupts, and a Close stool for the Purges of our Passions. As Sickly as an Hospital, as Dangerous as the Plague, as Hot as Hell, and as Wicked as the Devil. Subject to Tornadoes, Hurricanes, and Earthquakes, as if the Island, like the People, were troubled with the *Dry Belly*. *Ab*, no or bas as any nothing, *provid* or *barred* *quid* *sin* *is* *lively*.

Of their Provisions.

THE chiefest of their Provisions is *Sea-Turtle*, or *Toad in a Shell*, stew'd in its own Gravy; its Lean is as White as a Green-ness Girl, its Fat of a Calves-turd Colour, and is excellently good to put a strynger into a Flux, and purge out part of those ill Humours it infallibly creates. The Belly is call'd *Gallipot*, the Back *Gallipot*, and is serv'd up, to the Table in its own Shell, instead of a Platter. They have *Guinas*, *Hickeries*, and *Cedus*; the first being an Amphibious Serpent, shap'd like a *Lizard*, but black and larger, the second a *Land-Turtle*, the last needs no Description, but are as numerous as *Frogs* in *England*, and Borrough in the Ground like *Roots*, so that the whole Island may be justly call'd, *A Crab-Warren*. They are Fattest near the *Pallashes*, where they will make a Skelliton of a Corps in as little time as a Tanner will Flea a *Cold*, or a *Habut* after Hunting devours a *Scoulder of Mutton*. They have *Beef*, without Fat, Lean *Mutton* without Gravy, and *Poole* as dry as the Udder of an Old Woman, and as tough as a Stake from the Haunches of a Superannuated *Cow*.

Milk is so plenty you may buy it for Fifteen Pence a Quart, but Cream is very scarce, that a *Flirkin* of Butter, of their own making, would be so costly a Jewel, that the Richest Man in the Island wold be unable to purchase it. They value themselves greatly upon the sweetnesse of their Pork, which is indeed delicious, but as flabby as the Flesh of one just risen from a Bluk, and ought to be forbid in all hot Countries (as amongst the *Spanes*) for the prevention of *Leprose*, *Scurvy*, and other Distempers, of which it is a great occasion.

There is very little *Veal* and that Lean; for in *England* you may Narfe four *Children* much cheaper than you can one *Calf* in *Jamaica*. They have coarse *Yeast*, almost as big as *English* *Ducks*, and *Muscovy Ducks* as big as *Geese*; But as for their *Coffee*, they may be all *Swans*, for I never see one in the Island.

There are sundry sorts of *Fish*, under *many* Names, without Scales, and of a Serpentine Complexion; they taste as dry as a *Soa*, and much stronger than stale *Herrings* or *Old Ling*; with Oyl'd Batter to the Sauces as rank as *Coucoubat*, improv'd with the palatable Relish of a *Smaking Amboine*.

They

They make a rare Soop they call *Pepper-pot*, its an excellent Breakfast for a *Soldan-der*, or a good preparative for a *Mountebanks Agent*, who Eats Fire one day, that he may get better Victuals the next. Three Spoonfulls so Inflamm'd my Mouth, that had I devour'd a Peck of *Horse-Radish*, and Drank after it a Gallon of *Brandy* and *Gumpon-der*, (Dives like) I could not have been more importunate for a Drop of Water to coole my Tongue.

They greatly abounding a Beautiful Fruit, call'd a *Cassie*, not unlike an *Apple*, but longer, its soft and very juicy, but so great an Acid, and of a Nature so Restrinct, that by eating of one, it drew up my Mouth like a *Hong Fuzilane*, and made my Palate as Rough, and Tongue as Sore as if I had been Gargling it with *Sharp-Water*. From whence I conjecture, they are amuch fitter Fruit to recover *Lost Maiden-heads*, properly apply'd, than to be Eaten. Of *Water-Mellons* and *Mus-Mellons* they have plenty; the former is of as cold a quality as a *Coucumer*, and will dissolve in your Mouth like *Ice* in a hot Frying-pan, being as Pleasant to the Eater, and, I believe, as *Wholsome* as a *Cup* of *Rock-Water*, to a Man in a *Hetlick Fever*. The latter are larg and luscious, but much too watery to be good.

Coco-Nuts, and *Physick-Nuts* are in great esteem amongst the Inhabitants; the former they reckon *Meat*, *Drink*, and *Cloth*, but the Eatble part is secur'd within so strong a Magazeen, that it requires a lusty Carpenter, well Arm'd with *Ax* and *Hand-saw*, to hew a passage to the *Kernel*, and when he has done, it will not recompence his Labour. The latter is big as a *Filbert*, but (like a *Beautiful Woman* well Drest, and *Infectious*) if you venture to Tast, is of ill consequence: Their Shell is Black, and *Japan'd* by Nature, exceeding Art, the Kernel White, and extream Pleasant to the Palat, but of so powerful an Operation, that by taking two, my Guts were Swept as clean, as ever *Tom-Tidman* made a *Vault*, or any of the *Black Fraternity* a *Chimney*.

They have *Oranges*, *Lemons*, *Limes*, and several other Fruits, as *Sharp* and *Crabbed* as themselves, not given them as a *Blessing*, but a *Curse*; for eating so many fower things, Generates a *Corroding Slime* in the Bowels, and is one great occasion of that Fatal and Intolerable Distemper, *The Dry Belly-ache*; which in a fortnight, or Three Weeks, takes away the use of their Limbs, that they are forc'd to be led about by *Negro's*. A Man under this Misery, may be said to be the *Scutchion* of the *Island*, the Completion of the *Patient* being the *Field*, bearing *Or*, Charg'd with all the Emblems of Destruction, *Woper*; supported by *Two Devils, Sable*; and *Death the Crest, Argent*. Many other Fruits there are, that are neither worth Eating, Naming, or Describing: Some that are never Tasted but in a *Drouth*, and others in a *Famin*.

Of Port Royal.

IT is an Island distinct from the Main of *Jamaica*, tho' before the *Earthquake*, it joy'd of a Neck of Land to the *Palisader*, but was seperated by the violence of an Inundation (thro' God's Mercy) to prevent the Wickedness of their Metropolis defusing it self, by Communication, over all the Parts of the Country, and so call that *Judgmen't upon the Whole*, which fell more particularly upon the Sinfullest part.

From a spacious fine Built Town (according to Report) it is now reduc'd, by the encroachment of the *Sea*, to a little above a quarter of a Mile in Length, and about half so much in Breadth, having so few remains left of its former splendour, I could think no otherwise, but that every Travellour who had given its Description, made large use of his *License*. The Houses are low, little, and irregular; and if I compare the *Best* of their Streets in *Port Royal*, to the *Fag-End* of *Kent-street*, where the *Broom-men* Live, I do them more than Justice.

About Ten o'Clock in the Morning, their Noontide re-enacted with a Long Breeze, which blowing over and about, unloos'd the Bowels of the Mountain, being always cracked and full of openings, full of excessive noise, bringing along with it such subversive vapours, that it soon farr'd the whole Mountain would have burst out into a flaming Volcano, or been scuttled from His Subduing State, like that of melted Minerals and Brimstone.

In the Afternoon about Four o'Clock, they might have the refreshment of a *Soup* or *Stew* of the Game they have shot, or *Wine* or *Wassail* of the *Tea* or *Coffee* which the *Wives* of the *Highways* and *Hills*, are *Bringing* to them.

... built up like a water-tower, and where the sheep are in their Pen, and the Ridge is about to overtake the Sheep, I took a Survey around me, and few more varieties of Sheep-Cross than ever was seen among Flock of Lively Sheep.

Every thing is new, Dear, and as Ingenious as an Honest Man may meet with this Encouragement. To spend a Hundred Pounds before he begins a Voyage, ~~is~~ ^{is} a foolish Waste. Wine and Bottle-Bear are Fifteen Pence the Bottle; nasty Claret, half a Crown; Rottenish Wine Shilling; and their best Canary, Ten Bits. Mr. Six and Thirty Pence. They have an Academy in Drinking. That what they put into their Bellies, they may soon break out of their Fingers ends; for instead of ~~discovering~~ ^{discovering} their Fury, and ~~sweat~~ ^{sweat} instead of ~~Wine~~ ^{Wine}.

PEOPLES. The price is £1 per head.

THE generality of the Mass look at it they had just peck'd off their dinner, and
been expectant Providence, above the danger of their Mistakes, the dread
of which, hath impelled them in their food, which they can no more after than an
Ethiopian can his colour.

They are all Colonels. Major General Lister is the only English, the rest but being
and the others British.

which is likely to be enjoyed by the crew of a Ship, & every Captain & Master who bring over considerable Effects, & who will have a great many ways to kill him fairly, for the loss of his Cargo. And many have been made Rich by such Windfall.

They have so great a veneration for Religion, That Bibles and Common Prayer Books
are as good a Commodity amongst them, as Musks and Warming-vases.

A little Reputation among the Women, goes a long way; and if their Actions be answerable to their Looks, they may, via Wickedness, win the Devil a high Impeachment, by being the only *Claims* of their Government, and *Widow-Cards*, the *Carded Grace* of their Department. They are such *Wives*, *Wives*, *Wives* in England, to the most degree, when transported by the Sister, or led, by the Devil, into *Whore* *Whore*, where they may be Wicked without Shame, and Whore on without Punishment.

They are Stigmatiz'd with Nick-Names, which they bear, not with Pomp and
Dignity, but with Rudeness, Coarseness, and Sottishness; such as *Swallow-tail*, *Swallow-tongue*, *Swallow-nose*, *Swallow-ear*, *Swallow-eye*, &c.
Swearing, Drunkenness and Obscenity fill up the whole town; it is difficult to find a single
Acceptable to *Men* Conversation and the Mischief of vice, if it be not to the *Ministers* of Religion, who make
their Requirements, that at least much Rudeness for *Women*, as is to be found *among* *Men*,
amongst a Gang of *Knaves*, for it is *among* *Men* that *Women* are to be found *among* *Men*,
In short, *Port Royal* deserves and all *Port Royal* deserves to be *despised*, that
Port Royal is the *repository* of the *Ministers* of Religion, who are *despised*, and